THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1442.

Choice Poetry.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY C. C. VAN ZANDT.

A hundred years, a hundred years—
Time spirited figures round,
A student now by the open page
Upon Time's meeting mead;
For a world has gone to slumber on
In the silent grave below,
Who lived the life and fought the battle of life,
A hundred years ago.

The stars still keep, while nobly they,
Their radiant path above,
No star seems lost of all the host,
That filled at old the sky.
But each one found the old heart's truest
For one eye that met their gaze—
Soon—a hundred feet on from the space
Of a hundred years ago.

The ship has gone that danced upon
The blue and boundless sea,
Now hulk and mast a lifetime past,
Have rested silently.
For the waves still sing along the shore
With ocean's ceaseless flow,
Still chanting a dirge with their thundering surge
As a hundred years ago.

Ah, the change Time brings to mortal things,
To man and his every deed!
The crumbling deck of many a wreck
The light of nature's gold;
And who can say that a future day
Time may not hold also
Where for good and for crime men mark our time
As a hundred years ago.
Newport, R. I., Jan. 1849.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

FOR THE IDES OF MARCH.

Let France boast her vineyards, let Spain crown her
wine,
Let Germany revel o'er her beautiful Rhine.
Let Italy's skies glow in picture and song,
And Ireland be famed for her shamrock so long,
Yet let the Green Isle in "pastime" be chief,
Unmatched for hospitality, bravery and beef!

Give all, all they claim, yet I'm sure you will agree,
This, this is the country for you and for me!
Chorus.
This, this is the country for you and for me!

What though we're no silver, no spice breathing
isle,
No coffee, no pine-apples, ginger nor tea,
Though fabrics of agate remain clear from stone,
And bees and elephants figure as "above,"
Though "nothing" is ever "to have" and "to have belong,"
No grandeur of realm, no memories of song,
Yet, poor and unknown, we all scorn to be,
This, this is the country for you and for me!

This, this is the country for you and for me!
Chorus.
Here, hard without limit, of meadow and plain,
Is glittering with gold dust, or garden and grain,
Here, changing their climates, our board rivers roll
Through mountains of marble, of coal and of iron;
No work without wages, but treasure for toil,
With freedom to worship and freedom to vote,
And freedom to instruct from the cradle to the grave!
This, this is the country for you and for me!
Chorus.
This, this is the country for you and for me!
Literary World.

Original Sketch.

THE VOICE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT.

A Legend of the Lehigh.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[NOTE.—It is a custom among the United Brethren or Moravians, on the death of a member of the congregation dies, whether an infant or one of mature years, to proclaim the news from some elevated spot, by the use of the death-horn, as they are generally termed. These instruments are generally upon three notes, which in their form and tone resemble trombones, and are of different sizes. The first note is the tonic, or key-note, the same in all cases, the second being different, denoting the sex and age of the deceased. The effect is particularly touching, and must be heard to be appreciated. The same custom prevails in Germany to a great extent.]

CHAPTER I.

It was a calm summer evening, in the year 176—, when our story opens. Upon the southern shore of the Lehigh, and about half a dozen warriors were encamped; they had selected a lonely glen surrounded by trees, which effectually screened them from those who might purchase to travelling along the road, which at that time was constructed on the back of the stream. Some hastily-made wigwams were to be seen, among them two larger than the rest, one occupied by the leader or chief of the company, the other for the people or "Medicine Men" of the tribe, who had accompanied them on the war path.

It was, as we have mentioned above, a calm summer evening, not a breath of air stirring, a wind to disturb the leaves upon the forest trees, or raise a ripple upon the dark waters of the Lehigh. The sunset in the immediate vicinity was grand in the extreme. To the northwest, beyond the river, whose banks were skirted with noble old trees, lay the thin infant settlement of Bethlehem; behind the camp, upon the lofty South Mountain the while clad in verdure to the very summit; and far up the stream could be seen an almost lonely island, seemingly floating on the bosom of the water. The air was balmy, and filled with the sweet fragrance of wood wild flowers, that grew in profusion around.

The Indians were assembled in council around their camp fire, the object of which was making some stolen calculated to increase their strength, by bringing the warriors of the same, and had detailed to them in excited language the plan of an attack upon the Moravian town. But one thing now remained; the "Medicine Man" was to consult his familiar spirit, and ascertain if the present were a fitting period to attack the unarmed brethren. He slowly arose from his reclining position, and retired to his wigwam. The warriors now prepared themselves for the attack (if the decision was favorable,) by adorning themselves, according to the custom of the nation, designing their already frightful countenances and persons, with black and red paint; and also by examining their arms and other accoutrements, to ascertain if they were in a fit condition to accomplish their savage purposes.

CHAPTER II.

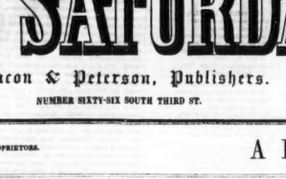
Then we now to the opposite bank of the river, and wander through the streets of Bethlehem. That massive structure, standing on the brow of the hill, commanding a view of the Lehigh, the flats and the mountain ridge for miles, is termed "The Sister's House;" it also contains the church where the whole congregation are wont to assemble, and is surmounted with a small cupola containing a bell. Opposite, through lower down the hill, is the "Widow's House," while on the right, as in manner building, with a promenade on the top, rears its lofty head far above the other houses, and is known by the name of "The Single Brethren's House." Every edifice in the settlement is constructed of durable materials, which seem to defy the ravages of time. Bethlehem was laid out in the year 1741, by a number of German settlers, under the auspices of Count Zinzendorf, a man of ancient and noble family, who was a convert to the Moravian faith. They purchased about fifty thousand acres of land, and laid out the town. No work without wages, but treasure for toil. With freedom to worship and freedom to vote, And freedom to instruct from the cradle to the grave, This, this is the country for you and for me!

Chorus.

This, this is the country for you and for me!

Literary World.

Our Picture Gallery.



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Opposite the town of Marazion, on the coast of Cornwall, England, is the remarkable island of St. Michael's Mount, of which the above is a correct representation. It is connected by the main land with a causeway, which is left dry at low tide, but is inundated when it is high water. The island containing the Mount and a level piece of ground at its foot, is about a mile in circumference, and comprehends 70 acres of surface. The Mount is 221 feet high, steep, and defended by batteries. It figures quite conspicuously in British history. Previous to 1044 a priory of benedictine monks had been established there. Before 1085 Robert, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, annexed it to the Abbey of St. Michael, in Normandy. King Henry VI. gave it to King's College, Cambridge, and Edward the IV. to the Brigittine Nunnery at Sion, in Middlesex.

The Mount was resorted to as a place of pilgrimage in the dark ages. It was regarded also as a sacrosanct place, and a sanctuary. It was held by an adherent of Count de Lion's rebellious brother during that King's captivity, and restored at his return. In the war of the Roses, the Castle was seized by the Earl of Oxford, a Lancastrian, after the battle of Barnet; and the Yorkists, the Scotch and Welsh Warbeck duly fix a while, and left his wife in the Castle as a place of security. It was held in the time of the civil war by Sir Francis Basset, for Charles I., and was taken by the Parliamentarians in 1646. It was afterwards defended, as it had been in 1642, by a small field fort or redoubt, on the land side. In 1726 the Rev. St. Aubyn rebuilt the pier, and inhabitants soon flocked to the island. In 1831 there were 42 houses and 161 inhabitants; but in the pitchard season the number of inhabitants is increased

CHAPTER III.

In a small, though unpretending stone house on the west side of the town of Bethlehem, in town, was gathered a weeping company. The inmates of the house were in tears, and on the occasion of their bidding a final adieu on earth, to one who was about to exchange sorrow for joy, and an earthly habitation for a celestial one. Was it for this that they mourned? Was the cause of affection that the tide flowed from their eyes? Was it for this that they mourned? Was it for this that they mourned? Was it for this that they mourned

Miscellaneous.

JACKSON'S INAUGURATION.

[We submit the following account of General Jackson's inauguration from a recent article in the New York Albion. Of course we do not warrant, for the authenticity of these details, but especially those relative to Mrs. Jackson, as the article bears strong presumptive that the writer decided the great virtues of Jackson *in advance* admired, and therefore knew but little of the faults of the man.—*Baltimore Saturday Morning Post.*]

On the 14th day of February, 1829, the electoral votes of the States were counted; when it was announced that

General Jackson,	178
John Quincy Adams,	83
Henry Clay, (Vice President)	2
Richard Rush,	1
Total,	261

Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun were accordingly declared President and Vice President of the United States, from the 4th of March, 1829.

Never was triumph more signal and complete,—never was defeat more disastrous.

The 4th day of March, 1829, broke upon the city of Washington, cloudless and fair. The sun shone with unusual brightness. The city was cheerless; and a cold and bitter blast, piercing all from the South, "seemed to be laden with the sighs of Arabs, and the perfume of the tropics."

An immense multitude was in early attendance; and, as the city could accord no room for them, there appeared to be an interminable sea of heads. The military soldier, in the pride and ring blasts of the trumpet and the horn, and the roll of the drum, and the stern tramp, mingled with the neighing of steeds, and the rear and vibrating peals of the artillery, constituted in a ten-fold degree, a part in the splendor and circumstance of the day.

At 11 o'clock, the President-elect, General Andrew Jackson, entered the Senate Chamber, attended by the Marshal of the District—Mr. Calhoun, the Vice President-elect, preceding.

The President-elect took the next appropriate seat to his right, while the assembled gallery and floor gave him a silent but expressive greeting. He was dressed in a suit of deep black, plain to the eye, but to the [illegible] these badges of mourning which remained the appropriate dress for the wife he had loved so well, and to whom he had, for thirty years and upwards, offered an unceasing devotion, was found to be of the finest cloth, and of the richest opposite to them.

The Chief Justice, Marshall, had for some time been seen in the chamber, easily designated by his large and lofty and upright person, formally dressed, occupied at one in front of the Secretary's table, and facing the seats of the Senators. By his side was the venerable Vice President, Col. Burr. The Secretary of the Senate, Mr. Asbury Dickins, whose name continues to be familiarly known to the public, was also in his appropriate seat, and seemed to look very good-naturedly upon all before him.

The hour arrived in the ceremony, is then described by the Intelligencer:

It is followed by a vast concourse of people, the President entered the Mansion which he is henceforth to occupy, and there, after a short but affectionate courtesy, the salutes of some thousands of persons, passing in a long array in front of him, and filing off below each by the hand; a ceremony which, from their great number, it was not possible for him to do more than receive in the manner of the other one.

The next occasion in the ceremony, is then described by the Intelligencer:

The second term of public sentiment which characterizes the inquiry to be ascertained, the fact of the choice of the people, as indicated by the expression of those citizens throughout the large patronage of the Federal Government, and the consideration of the course which have designated the rightful owner of executive power, and have placed a continued power in the hands of others.

When that passage was read, a most extraordinary emotion was manifested in the part of the congregation assembled. A slight murmur of discontent was heard, which was immediately silenced by a simultaneous and decided expression of applause; and, whilst the hours of officials the in possession of office discovered in that little word "*rejoice*," a sensation for all large of public sentiment, the myriads of expectants who eagerly listened to every word of the scene, interpreted it rightfully, and knew but too well that it was but a harbinger for the gratification of all their purposes and aspirations.

General Jackson had scarcely got safely seated in the people's throne—" the throne we know, is the people's choice," with Sheridan—before the official guillotine was put in operation. His reward was unacknowledged—it was a two-edged axiom, and scarcely did it cut and sleek in every direction. The official guillotine, which was first constructed by General Dull Greene, informed the world that the President would "correct his friends, and punish his enemies," and the succeeding occasions illustrated not the very letter. General Jackson had been made to believe that the subordinate officials had imagined to defeat him; they had been the main instruments in the official suppression of his wife," who, in consequence of the calumnies she had endured, had been driven to an untimely grave; and he had resolved to punish them, if he ever possessed the power of doing so. In adopting the opinion that the office-holders had opposed him, he adopted the error; for, at the moment when he made for the Presidency, a large majority of the no supported him, and opposed and denounced Mr. Adams.

* Mrs. Jackson, when she married Captain Lewis, was a Mrs. Rolands, and her husband was still living. She had, in her girlish days, been the object of the Colonel's idolatry; but, the scene at last occurred, never did run smooth," and the youthful lovers parted and separated. The lady's original name, I think, was Donelson. She afterwards married a most amiable person, who proved to be a poet, a gem, a brute, a drunkard, and a tyrant. He was in the habit of beating his wife, and of committing acts that were worthy of brutality. This insensible nature being made known to General Jackson, he one day called at Roberts' house, took her away, and placed her in a position where she was not to urge the fiend-like conduct of her husband. Roberts complained; but he was quieted by the threatened of his wife's security whereupon, he was informed that, if he did not cease his noise, he would be disposed of. Subsequently, he redressed to divorce; and Gen. Jackson married her lady.

Mrs. Jackson was a good and very pious woman, but exceedingly illiterate. Her conversation was of the grossest that ever fashionable life; but was indicative of the purity of her heart. Her attitude she was the only being on earth who could restrain his iron will and force and indomitable temperament.

MILITARY TITLES.

A biller in England committed a injury at the house of a nobleman who was in his debt. On ascertaining his crediting, it became necessary to introduce him to the nobleman present, and the nobleman having forgotten the identity of the unfortunate, asked him, in a low tone of voice, what his name was. The biller, I made your boroughs, replied the biller, in the same subdued tones. *Major Brodigan?* inquired his lordship, introducing him to the circle. The biller went by no other name than Major Brodigan, during his whole life.

But Major Brodigan is not the only man who has purchased a title for a song price. We have had a brace of *Major Noah*, of the New York press—but the one made by Jefferson is the best. I was present in Philadelphia, or was M. M. Noah, at the time, and voted, for the statement.

A vacancy for Major in one of the Philadelphia militia regiments, probably the "ninety" 84th, as it was ordained somewhere about the year 1812, and notice issued accordingly for holding an election. All the office, at a distance, centred at the corner of Market and Godrich Alley. I, their brigade the name of the tavern, but it was one of Noah's haunts. The militia officers, from colonel down, proved to be a perfect *basket* set, and on the occasion, hardly any present, excepting officers of the line.

As Noah with one of his friends stepped up to the bar, his companion proposed to him to stand a pull for the majority, offering to vote for him if he would treat. The treat was made, and the vote given, which with Noah's own ballot elected him, there being no opposition candidate.

I have no account of the list of successful aspirants.

There was a public meeting on some exciting topic, held at the First Presbyterian Church, some years since, which filled the house. In the progress of the meeting, Mr. Ingersoll proposed that E. L. Conrad or Rosman Ayres, was called on, he his views. He rose somewhat late the meeting was now in him, and he must declare speaking or it, Sir," added he, "my friend here, *Major* Cameron, is present with the military, and he will, and the meeting, I doubt not, will be glad to hear from him." The next resolution was offered by Conover, who had early received Continental the day before, and he was not unacquainted with people in it besides Graham, and on this occasion made his debut before the public.

The whole affair was doubtless pronounced by the position, to affect Conover on opposing interests—to be a mere personal matter. The meeting broke up, I scarcely Graham, "*Jon*," and I, "who is intended to be the *Major* Brodigan of the *magnanimity*," replied Graham, looking quizzingly, "it is neither here nor there, but I always like to see a man accidental on the most important public footing."

Conover had his title to the day of his death, as did Major Brodigan, and doubtless will Mordecai M. Noah. They really had even claim to the title.—*Clio's Advertiser.*

A WARDEN MATCH.—Mr. Evans having a contract with the city of Boston for filling up the flats at the north, invited the late city government to examine his road and his famous digging machine. A splendid collation was prepared by Mr. Evans for their entertainment, near the scene of his digging operations. Mr. Quincy took the head of the table, and very gravely observed to his colleagues as follows: "Gentlemen, your attention is requested to this new machine which Mr. Evans has invented for filling the flats of the city!" The filling process immediately commenced.

APPEARANCE OF THE SENATE.

The Washington papers of some days fall inspired with the details of the events of Monday, the 3d. inst., and the Senate from the Intelligencer the following paragraphs relative to the appearance of the Senate:

The room presented by the interior of the Senate Chamber was highly impressive. It would be difficult in this or any other city of the first spot which included within the same space more than the assembled wisdom, whether we regard the more elevation of place and of position in human society, or that true elevation which is the product of intellectual power. Here was the Judge of the Land which very one would, there was first in the first and for the time.

To give to the favor see the procedure which before us to them, we say, in a few words, that the Senate chamber gallery resembled for the occasion one of the boxes, was filled to overflowing before the gaining of public proceedings, and even to the vacancy seats on the floor of the chamber. The ladies had the very pleasant among the best of female faces, ranged as in an amphitheatre, until the vanishing of title, and the endless distance of the beautiful rows, was calculated to turn the pride of an American jealous of the fame of his country-women. A few, a very few, were admitted to the fashionable seats upon the floor, among whom we observed the three graceful lady of Mr. Badger.

The Diplomatic Corps were next announced, and were seen, on their entry, the usual imposing spectacle, by no means unworthy of the occasion. Their splendid uniforms, the richest that most gorgeous costumes which European usage has appointed to the representatives of National Sovereignties. We see, interesting, as little as any other scene of pomp that when, on great State occasions, it does appear it is rare to draw all eyes. At the head of the Corps was M. Sadlaire, whose well-known dignity, sweet, military, and crowned with glittering accompaniments of the noblest of all orders, the Order of the Garter, mingled with the mingling of stands, and the rear ranks and the heads of the soldiers, constituted in a ten-fold degree, a part in the splendor and circumstance of the day.

At 11 o'clock, the President-elect, General Andrew Jackson, entered the Senate Chamber, attended by the Marshal of the District—Mr. Calhoun, the Vice President-elect, preceding.

The President-elect took the next appropriate seat to his right, while the assembled gallery and floor gave him a silent but expressive greeting. He was dressed in a suit of deep black, plain to the eye, but to the [illegible] these badges of mourning which remained the appropriate dress for the wife he had loved so well, and to whom he had, for thirty years and upwards, offered an unceasing devotion, was found to be of the finest cloth, and of the richest opposite to them.

The Chief Justice, Marshall, had for some time been seen in the chamber, easily designated by his large and lofty and upright person, formally dressed, occupied at one in front of the Secretary's table, and facing the seats of the Senators. By his side was the venerable Vice President, Col. Burr. The Secretary of the Senate, Mr. Asbury Dickins, whose name continues to be familiarly known to the public, was also in his appropriate seat, and seemed to look very good-naturedly upon all before him.

The hour arrived in the ceremony, is then described by the Intelligencer:

It is followed by a vast concourse of people, the President entered the Mansion which he is henceforth to occupy, and there, after a short but affectionate courtesy, the salutes of some thousands of persons, passing in a long array in front of him, and filing off below each by the hand; a ceremony which, from their great number, it was not possible for him to do more than receive in the manner of the other one.

The next occasion in the ceremony is then described by the Intelligencer:

The second term of public sentiment which characterizes the inquiry to be ascertained, the fact of the choice of the people, as indicated by the expression of those citizens throughout the large patronage of the Federal Government, and the consideration of the course which have designated the rightful owner of executive power, and have placed a continued power in the hands of others.

When that passage was read, a most extraordinary emotion was manifested in the part of the congregation assembled. A slight murmur of discontent was heard, which was immediately silenced by a simultaneous and decided expression of applause; and, whilst the hours of officials the in possession of office discovered in that little word "*rejoice*," a sensation for all large of public sentiment, the myriads of expectants who eagerly listened to every word of the scene, interpreted it rightfully, and knew but too well that it was but a harbinger for the gratification of all their purposes and aspirations.

General Jackson had scarcely got safely seated in the people's throne—" the throne we know, is the people's choice," with Sheridan—before the official guillotine was put in operation. His reward was unacknowledged—it was a two-edged axiom, and scarcely did it cut and sleek in every direction. The official guillotine, which was first constructed by General Dull Greene, informed the world that the President would "correct his friends, and punish his enemies," and the succeeding occasions illustrated not the very letter. General Jackson had been made to believe that the subordinate officials had imagined to defeat him; they had been the main instruments in the official suppression of his wife," who, in consequence of the calumnies she had endured, had been driven to an untimely grave; and he had resolved to punish them, if he ever possessed the power of doing so. In adopting the opinion that the office-holders had opposed him, he adopted the error; for, at the moment when he made for the Presidency, a large majority of the no supported him, and opposed and denounced Mr. Adams.

* Mrs. Jackson, when she married Captain Lewis, was a Mrs. Rolands, and her husband was still living. She had, in her girlish days, been the object of the Colonel's idolatry; but, the scene at last occurred, never did run smooth," and the youthful lovers parted and separated. The lady's original name, I think, was Donelson. She afterwards married a most amiable person, who proved to be a poet, a gem, a brute, a drunkard, and a tyrant. He was in the habit of beating his wife, and of committing acts that were worthy of brutality. This insensible nature being made known to General Jackson, he one day called at Roberts' house, took her away, and placed her in a position where she was not to urge the fiend-like conduct of her husband. Roberts complained; but he was quieted by the threatened of his wife's security whereupon, he was informed that, if he did not cease his noise, he would be disposed of. Subsequently, he redressed to divorce; and Gen. Jackson married her lady.

Mrs. Jackson was a good and very pious woman, but exceedingly illiterate. Her conversation was of the grossest that ever fashionable life; but was indicative of the purity of her heart. Her attitude she was the only being on earth who could restrain his iron will and force and indomitable temperament.

MILITARY TITLES.

A biller in England committed a injury at the house of a nobleman who was in his debt. On ascertaining his crediting, it became necessary to introduce him to the nobleman present, and the nobleman having forgotten the identity of the unfortunate, asked him, in a low tone of voice, what his name was. The biller, I made your boroughs, replied the biller, in the same subdued tones. *Major Brodigan?* inquired his lordship, introducing him to the circle. The biller went by no other name than Major Brodigan, during his whole life.

But Major Brodigan is not the only man who has purchased a title for a song price. We have had a brace of *Major Noah*, of the New York press—but the one made by Jefferson is the best. I was present in Philadelphia, or was M. M. Noah, at the time, and voted, for the statement.

A vacancy for Major in one of the Philadelphia militia regiments, probably the "ninety" 84th, as it was ordained somewhere about the year 1812, and notice issued accordingly for holding an election. All the office, at a distance, centred at the corner of Market and Godrich Alley. I, their brigade the name of the tavern, but it was one of Noah's haunts. The militia officers, from colonel down, proved to be a perfect *basket* set, and on the occasion, hardly any present, excepting officers of the line.

As Noah with one of his friends stepped up to the bar, his companion proposed to him to stand a pull for the majority, offering to vote for him if he would treat. The treat was made, and the vote given, which with Noah's own ballot elected him, there being no opposition candidate.

I have no account of the list of successful aspirants.

There was a public meeting on some exciting topic, held at the First Presbyterian Church, some years since, which filled the house. In the progress of the meeting, Mr. Ingersoll proposed that E. L. Conrad or Rosman Ayres, was called on, he his views. He rose somewhat late the meeting was now in him, and he must declare speaking or it, Sir," added he, "my friend here, *Major* Cameron, is present with the military, and he will, and the meeting, I doubt not, will be glad to hear from him." The next resolution was offered by Conover, who had early received Continental the day before, and he was not unacquainted with people in it besides Graham, and on this occasion made his debut before the public.

The whole affair was doubtless pronounced by the position, to affect Conover on opposing interests—to be a mere personal matter. The meeting broke up, I scarcely Graham, "*Jon*," and I, "who is intended to be the *Major* Brodigan of the *magnanimity*," replied Graham, looking quizzingly, "it is neither here nor there, but I always like to see a man accidental on the most important public footing."

Conover had his title to the day of his death, as did Major Brodigan, and doubtless will Mordecai M. Noah. They really had even claim to the title.—*Clio's Advertiser.*

A WARDEN MATCH.—Mr. Evans having a contract with the city of Boston for filling up the flats at the north, invited the late city government to examine his road and his famous digging machine. A splendid collation was prepared by Mr. Evans for their entertainment, near the scene of his digging operations. Mr. Quincy took the head of the table, and very gravely observed to his colleagues as follows: "Gentlemen, your attention is requested to this new machine which Mr. Evans has invented for *filling* the flats of the city!" The filling process immediately commenced.

United States SATURDAY POST.

JERRY PATERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1829.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We invite our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the succeeding Post; or if they do not feel inclined to undertake so much for the trouble themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other individual and request such person to exert his influence in the matter. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers in the vicinity of the Post Office, if they will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it is the cheapest publication of the kind in the country, also, that the postage is *just the same on the Saturday Post as on the newspapers* and pointed out to the Postmaster.

TAKE NOTICE.

Our subscribers in the Southern and South-Western States are respectfully informed that we have concluded a new arrangement with Mr. Israel E. Jones, by which Mr. Jones, and his assistants, are appointed our sole agents for collecting agents for the South and South-West. Mr. Jones's address is Philadelphia. All letters to M. Weld, O. E. P. Sloan, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Dearing, Albert Mathews, Wm. Lee, Wm. Lee, Jr., and E. A. Evans.

Those of our subscribers who are in arrears, will please pay either of the above gentlemen when called upon. We wish no one to forget, however, that we always *prefer* cash or drafts, to send in the money by mail, direct, as thereby save a considerable saving.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed, and the name of the Post Office it is to be changed to.

Persons remitting letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Masters of vessels calling for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to them on board when their own do so conveniently.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Ajaccio, we have two weeks later news from Europe.

There had been a brisk business in Cotton the week previous to the sailing of the Ajaccio, and prices had advanced a farthing per pound—prices were firm, however, on the day the vessel sailed, and however, received later, no decline.

The Corn trade in the ceremony, is then described by the Intelligencer:

The general trade was quiet, the President entered the Mansion which he is henceforth to occupy, and there, after a short but affectionate courtesy, the salutes of some thousands of persons, passing in a long array in front of him, and filing off below each by the hand; a ceremony which, from their great number, it was not possible for him to do more than receive in the manner of the other one.

The next occasion in the ceremony, is then described by the Intelligencer:

The second term of public sentiment which characterizes the inquiry to be ascertained, the fact of the choice of the people, as indicated by the expression of those citizens throughout the large patronage of the Federal Government, and the consideration of the course which have designated the rightful owner of executive power, and have placed a continued power in the hands of others.

When that passage was read, a most extraordinary emotion was manifested in the part of the congregation assembled. A slight murmur of discontent was heard, which was immediately silenced by a simultaneous and decided expression of applause; and, whilst the hours of officials the in possession of office discovered in that little word "*rejoice*," a sensation for all large of public sentiment, the myriads of expectants who eagerly listened to every word of the scene, interpreted it rightfully, and knew but too well that it was but a harbinger for the gratification of all their purposes and aspirations.

General Jackson had scarcely got safely seated in the people's throne—" the throne we know, is the people's choice," with Sheridan—before the official guillotine was put in operation. His reward was unacknowledged—it was a two-edged axiom, and scarcely did it cut and sleek in every direction. The official guillotine, which was first constructed by General Dull Greene, informed the world that the President would "correct his friends, and punish his enemies," and the succeeding occasions illustrated not the very letter. General Jackson had been made to believe that the subordinate officials had imagined to defeat him; they had been the main instruments in the official suppression of his wife," who, in consequence of the calumnies she had endured, had been driven to an untimely grave; and he had resolved to punish them, if he ever possessed the power of doing so. In adopting the opinion that the office-holders had opposed him, he adopted the error; for, at the moment when he made for the Presidency, a large majority of the no supported him, and opposed and denounced Mr. Adams.

* Mrs. Jackson, when she married Captain Lewis, was a Mrs. Rolands, and her husband was still living. She had, in her girlish days, been the object of the Colonel's idolatry; but, the scene at last occurred, never did run smooth," and the youthful lovers parted and separated. The lady's original name, I think, was Donelson. She afterwards married a most amiable person, who proved to be a poet, a gem, a brute, a drunkard, and a tyrant. He was in the habit of beating his wife, and of committing acts that were worthy of brutality. This insensible nature being made known to General Jackson, he one day called at Roberts' house, took her away, and placed her in a position where she was not to urge the fiend-like conduct of her husband. Roberts complained; but he was quieted by the threatened of his wife's security whereupon, he was informed that, if he did not cease his noise, he would be disposed of. Subsequently, he redressed to divorce; and Gen. Jackson married her lady.

Mrs. Jackson was a good and very pious woman, but exceedingly illiterate. Her conversation was of the grossest that ever fashionable life; but was indicative of the purity of her heart. Her attitude she was the only being on earth who could restrain his iron will and force and indomitable temperament.

MILITARY TITLES.

A biller in England committed a injury at the house of a nobleman who was in his debt. On ascertaining his crediting, it became necessary to introduce him to the nobleman present, and the nobleman having forgotten the identity of the unfortunate, asked him, in a low tone of voice, what his name was. The biller, I made your boroughs, replied the biller, in the same subdued tones. *Major Brodigan?* inquired his lordship, introducing him to the circle. The biller went by no other name than Major Brodigan, during his whole life.

But Major Brodigan is not the only man who has purchased a title for a song price. We have had a brace of *Major Noah*, of the New York press—but the one made by Jefferson is the best. I was present in Philadelphia, or was M. M. Noah, at the time, and voted, for the statement.

A vacancy for Major in one of the Philadelphia militia regiments, probably the "ninety" 84th, as it was ordained somewhere about the year 1812, and notice issued accordingly for holding an election. All the office, at a distance, centred at the corner of Market and Godrich Alley. I, their brigade the name of the tavern, but it was one of Noah's haunts. The militia officers, from colonel down, proved to be a perfect *basket* set, and on the occasion, hardly any present, excepting officers of the line.

As Noah with one of his friends stepped up to the bar, his companion proposed to him to stand a pull for the majority, offering to vote for him if he would treat. The treat was made, and the vote given, which with Noah's own ballot elected him, there being no opposition candidate.

I have no account of the list of successful aspirants.

There was a public meeting on some exciting topic, held at the First Presbyterian Church, some years since, which filled the house. In the progress of the meeting, Mr. Ingersoll proposed that E. L. Conrad or Rosman Ayres, was called on, he his views. He rose somewhat late the meeting was now in him, and he must declare speaking or it, Sir," added he, "my friend here, *Major* Cameron, is present with the military, and he will, and the meeting, I doubt not, will be glad to hear from him." The next resolution was offered by Conover, who had early received Continental the day before, and he was not unacquainted with people in it besides Graham, and on this occasion made his debut before the public.

The whole affair was doubtless pronounced by the position, to affect Conover on opposing interests—to be a mere personal matter. The meeting broke up, I scarcely Graham, "*Jon*," and I, "who is intended to be the *Major* Brodigan of the *magnanimity*," replied Graham, looking quizzingly, "it is neither here nor there, but I always like to see a man accidental on the most important public footing."

Conover had his title to the day of his death, as did Major Brodigan, and doubtless will Mordecai M. Noah. They really had even claim to the title.—*Clio's Advertiser.*

A WARDEN MATCH.—Mr. Evans having a contract with the city of Boston for filling up the flats at the north, invited the late city government to examine his road and his famous digging machine. A splendid collation was prepared by Mr. Evans for their entertainment, near the scene of his digging operations. Mr. Quincy took the head of the table, and very gravely observed to his colleagues as follows: "Gentlemen, your attention is requested to this new machine which Mr. Evans has invented for *filling* the flats of the city!" The filling process immediately commenced.

Clippings.

INSCRIPTION FOR A DOG COLLAR.

Read me not! myself and collar
Both are beauty to the eye;
Poppets should befriend each other;
Read the inscription, and pass by.

☞ During the late cruise of the frigate United States, no less than 91,713 lashes were administered to the backs of her tars. Two hundred of them at each bell; tank to himself, remarking, "I do ! I will I could see yours."

☞ Speaking of Gerrit Smith, the Chenango papers say he is "the most conscientious man of any age—the first great landholder who ever divided his riches with thousands of landless men."

—the first very rich agrarian."

☞ With an astonishing degree of character, reaching some years in Bath, invited a friend to dinner, and being somewhat pressed for time, he ordered a pair of fowls to be roasted. "Why, my friend, you see your dinner," replied the host, "is not yet killed." "Well, then, kill it quickly," replied the guest, "for I am in a hurry."

☞ Speaking of Gerrit Smith, the Chenango papers say he is "the most conscientious man of any age—the first great landholder who ever divided his riches with thousands of landless men."

—the first very rich agrarian."

☞ A man, neighbor Hedge, what are you feeding to the cat this pasture for? Fat? I reckon it would starve a cow." "Right," replied Hedge, "for I'm fattening it to keep from starving."

☞ The editor of the Milwaukie sentinel does not boast "of the size of Wisconsin 'inches,' but they are very respectable ones, nevertheless."

☞ The Glasgow Herald describes a novel method by which a number of persons, in the County Down, in the year 1815, towards two young girls, named Murray, sisters, who belonged to one of the first families in the county. The treatment consisted of scenting with oil, pewter, brandy, pasin singing, frannie, and hot water. The patients were to be undressed during the night, and in the morning the girls were dead.

☞ A man who has a very strong sense of his own importance, is very much like a rooster when he crows. They remember the voices, and after all, nothing but the voices.

☞ A man who has a very strong sense of his own importance, is very much like a rooster when he crows. They remember the voices, and after all, nothing but the voices.

☞ It is a good thing to laugh at any rate, and it a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.

☞ "I say, neighbor Hedge, what are you feeding to the cat this pasture for? Fat? I reckon it would starve a cow." "Right," replied Hedge, "for I'm fattening it to keep from starving."

☞ The editor of the Milwaukie sentinel does not boast "of the size of Wisconsin 'inches,' but they are very respectable ones, nevertheless."

☞ The Glasgow Herald describes a novel method by which a number of persons, in the County Down, in the year 1815, towards two young girls, named Murray, sisters, who belonged to one of the first families in the county. The treatment consisted of scenting with oil, pewter, brandy, pasin singing, frannie, and hot water. The patients were to be undressed during the night, and in the morning the girls were dead

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

NEW INVENTION.

The Washington Union describes a new invention by J. S. French, of Va., in locomotives, railways, cars, &c., by which a railroad may be laid down over the ordinary undulations of the earth, like a turnpike road, and engines and cars be so constructed that they may go over it with safety. To accomplish this object, the invention makes use of a peculiar mechanical power, to supply any degree of adhesion which may be required at any instant, and to dispense with it the moment it becomes unnecessary. And to do this there are no rack rails, or cog-wheels, or centre rail; nor is there, by this plan, so much reference to the progress of the train as would be caused by setting engines, on a plane, in order to produce the requisite adhesion."

The Union has strong faith in this invention as a practicable thing. It says that the model we have seen "works perfectly simple and perfectly safe in its application;" by which an engine and train of cars may be stopped almost instantly by the engineer alone."

GEN. TAYLOR'S LAST.

A letter appeared in a recent number of the Literary American, purporting to be from General Taylor to the Editor of the Louisville Courier, offering him his choice of offices. It professed to be written while he was on the way to Mexico, and concluded as follows:—of course we cannot vouch for its authenticity:

The Attorney Generalship is a nice opening for one fond of reading; but it makes no difference to me, because I am not fond of any one thing in the Cabinet, and to do in every case just as Washington would have done, if he were living, would be to me a matter of pride. Write me if you have any thing to say—you know which place you will take. But I must close, although as I look over it, I find I have not said half that has been commenced being gambled before in the days of my youth, when, for the purpose of observing, my head was always turned to the cards—hence necessary for my education."

Your friend, Z. TAYLOR.

LETTER OF THE HON. HENRY CLAY

[The following letter from Henry Clay upon the subject of emancipation in Kentucky, has created an great excitement in that section of the country, and we indeed, notwithstanding its length, to lay it before our readers:]

From the Lexington Observer and Reporter.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 17, 1851.

To RICHARD HENRY PINDELL: On the eggregious number of my departure from home in December last, in behalf of principles and public duty, I received from me a promise to make a public exposition of my views and opinions on the great and exciting subject question which it was then anticipated, would be much agitated and considered by the people of Kentucky during the year then ensuing, and the approaching Convention summoned to amend the present Constitution of the State, and which is now held home, and owing to that cause, and my confinement several weeks during the winter to my city, from the effects of an accident which befell me, I have been duly, and in the fulfillment of my promise, until now, prevented.

The question to which I allude is, whether Africa can slavery, as it now exists in Kentucky, shall be left to a perpetual or indefinite continuance, or some provision shall be made out of the Constitution for its gradual and ultimate extinction?

A few general observations will suffice my present purpose, without entering into the history of slavery, under all its bearings and in every aspect of it. I am aware that there are many of the person who believe that slavery is a blessing; that the African race ought to exist every where in organized society, and that it is even favorable to the preservation of liberty. Happily, the number who entertain either of those extreme opinions is very small, and the time would be uselessly occupied in an elaborate refutation of them. It will be, however, remark that, if slavery be found still of those alleged benefits, the principle on which it is maintained, would require the same portion of the white race should be reduced to bondage to serve another portion of the white race, that the black parts of slavery could not be obtained, and that in Africa, where the only slave existing is the fit reference for their color as we do for ours, they would be free. Happily, such a principle is not now in order to secure the blessings which that state is said to diffuse.

An argument, in favor of reducing the African race to slavery, is sometimes derived from the alleged intellectual inferiority of the white race. But, if this argument is founded in fact, (as it may be, but which I shall not now discuss,) it would prove entirely too much. It would prove that every white nation, which had made greater advances in civilization, and which had left behind it the whole nation, would have a right to reduce the inhabitants to a state of slavery. Long, indeed, after the state of slavery, and will be attended with the interesting consequence that the colored race, instead of retrograding, will be improving in civilization for them, in a land of liberty and equality. And, finally, the ultimate effect will be to place the liberated slaves in the colony, and of maintaining him in that condition. Such, ought to be provided for by a fund derived from his labor in the manner indicated. He is the party most benefitted by emancipation, and he has the right to contribute the non-slaveholder to any such arrangement. The citizens, without being exclusively burthened with the duty, will be willing to bear their part. The fund could be hired out for the time proposed, by the sheriff or other public agent, in each county, was not required to be paid to the liberated slaves. He would be require that there should be kept a register of the births of such slaves, and that, after the day fixed for the commencement of the operation of the law, every person born would be a very desirable regulation of law to have births, deaths and marriages, of the whole population of the State, and the keeping of them as is done in most well governed States.

Among the many considerations which unite in recommending to the State of Kentucky a system by which the evil of slavery may be gradually, but certainly and of her exposed condition affording great facilities to the escape of her slaves into the free States and Canada, particularly the former, from the nature of which some of the slave States have, by being surrounded by free States, lost the greater part of their property between them and free States. She has a greater length of border on the free States and on the Ohio river, extending from the mouth of Big Sandy to the mouth of Kentucky river, of about 700 miles, separating her from the already powerful and populous States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Vast numbers of slaves have fled from most of the counties of Kentucky from the mouth of Big Sandy to the mouth of Kentucky river. The evil has increased, and is increasing. Attempts to recover slaves from Ohio, and other free States, are attended with difficulties. Hitherto countenance and assistance have been given to the recovery of slaves in the free States in the State of Ohio: but it is to be apprehended, from the progressive opposition to slavery, in the public mind, that the facility and the encouragement of slaves would be found in the States of Ohio and Indiana. The peace of society and the security of property cannot be long preserved in a State so circumstanced.

In the event of a civil war breaking out, or in the more dreadful event of a dissolution of the Union and the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, Kentucky would become the theatre and bear the brunt of the war. Her soil, which is proverbially fertile, with her known valor and gallantry, but the exposure of her women and children to the horrors of the opposed, would lay waste and devastate her territory, and, in the end, though she would dy be found to be the victor, even if they should be successful in the unequal conflict, she never could obtain any indemnity for the waste and destruction of her property.

It may be urged that we ought not, by the gradual abolition of slavery, to surrender the property of our slave States, but continue to share with them in all their future fortunes. The power of the States of Kentucky, in the event of a civil war, would be paralyzed by the existence of slavery, and the attention of slavery, in absolute, supreme and exclusive dependence on the will of Congress or that of any other State. The government of each slave State is bound by the highest and most sacred obligations to provide for the safety of slavery, so as not to promote the peace, happiness and prosperity of the people of that State. Slavery being essentially a fleeting State, slave labor is less productive than free labor, and other things being equal, and that labor more profitable, in the culture of the staples of cotton and sugar, they may perceive the necessity of withdrawing from slavery while the capital can be exported should control the judgment of the people, as to what may be fitting and proper for her interests. If she should abolish slavery, it would not, in my opinion, be to the loss of the property already on she now so, to extend the slave States in the employment of all their lawful and constitutional powers, and to the full extent, and physically, would be grossly incensed: for the one would be the loss of property, and the other of the territorial domain, for a term not exceeding three years, in order to raise a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of their transportation to Liberia, and to provide them an outfit for six months after their arrival there.

If descendants of those who are to be free at the age of twenty-five, were also to be considered as slaves until they attained the same age, and this rule were continued indefinitely as to time, it is manifest that slavery would be perpetuated instead of being terminated. To guard against this consequence, provision might be made that the offspring of those who are to be free at twenty-five, should be free from their birth, but upon the condition that they should be apprenticed until they were twenty-one, and be also allotted what portion to be hired out, for a period not exceeding three years, for the purpose of raising money to meet the expenses of the colony, and their subsistence for the first six months.

The Pennsylvania act of emancipation fixed the period of twenty right for the liberation of the slaves; and provided, that no courts have since interpreted the system to mean, that the issue of all slaves born to be free at the age of twenty-one on their births free. The Pennsylvania system made no provision for colonization.

Until the recent enactment of the system which I am endeavoring to sketch, I think all the legal rights of the proprietors of slaves, in their full extent, ought to remain unimpaired and unrestricted. Consequently, they should be permitted to sell, devise, or remove them from the State, and, in the latter case, without the latter being entitled to the benefit of emancipation, for which the system provides.

The colonization of the free blacks, as they successively arrive, from year to year at the age contributing them to the colony, is deemed to be also absolutely indispensable. Without it I should be free at the age of twenty-five, or should be born after the day fixed for the commencement of the system, would be the slave of the State until he

Selected Poetry.

THREE UNPUBLISHED ODES.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

There is Ann for the down'ard,
And Jenny for the low;
And Annette for the wrinkled,
And love for yon and me!

There are toasts for the young,
And pleasure for the fair,
And wishes for the married,
There's love for me and you!

There is toast that will not sour,
And Pain that will not flee;
But ev'ry one hath toasted
His Love, 'cause you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
For love is not for two;
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you!

"THOSE EYES THAT WERE SO BRIGHT, LOVE."

Those eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
If 'tis what they've lost is light, love,
Who wilful they gave to mine
And still those orbs endure, love,
The lessons of former hours;
Their ripened skill may yet, I'm sure,
And timed on my flowers.

Those locks were brown to see, love,
That now are viewed to grey;
But life years were spent with me, love,
That stole their brown away.
They locks no longer show, love,
The golden glow of noon;
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silvered by the moon.

I'd lower woo fair to see, love,
That locks so shaded were;
But for the love the more, love,
That spoil a bonny brow.
And though no longer love, love,
The gloss it had of yore;
Still sincerely love and dote, my love,
Where hope adored before.

TOAST.

Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,
A solid pledge, or a spirit supper;
All the friend in my heart comes to rush in my lips,
To commingle its flow with the wine!

Bring a cup, of the purest the soldiers wears,
But a little sentence in its shape;
And the pulse it shall be the most rosy and rare,
All the blessed with the sap of the grape!

Even crush to the love I would celebrate now,
At once young, and mature, and in prime—
Like the tree of the oranges that bears on its bough
The bud, blossom, and fruit at one time!

Then with these, as is due, let the honors be paid,
Whate'er I give with my hand, heart, and head—
Health's to her, the fond mistress, the friend, and friend,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!"

An Eloquent Article.

THE IRISH PATRIOTS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The rebel patriots of Ireland, O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, O'Donohoe, and others, at this present time, and in their present position, form a spectacle of fearful interest. In the nineteenth century of the world they stand—for the human heart responds to the cause with irresistible admiration—for them tears of unquenchable sympathy and indignation will rise fall, and prayers of passionate entreaty ascend. But from no Christian country gaze forth to them a more full and perfect sympathy than from our own, the land of a Washington, the nephew of an Emmet. For the Irish people so much the innovation of Irish freedom, that we can but fear that in their exile, or death, she shall be scarred or pined forever. Yet it is —as God liveth, no! Rather shall the sacrifice of their young lives, with all that made them beautiful and precious, gift their dying cause, by with "sorrows of life"—with vigor and energy, and, I hope (pray!) with success, eternal as the heavens. While she may trust her much heroic sons among her living, or her dead, she need not, she can not despair. Even she she think chains on every limb—though she were bound to the earth with a thousand fetters.

Whether these fetters meet the death of chains upon the scaffold, or drag out a miserable existence as the galley-slaves of tyranny, their imperishable names, exalted and immortalized by their own brave words of the hour, and become the rallying cry of liberty throughout the world—for the last great struggle for freedom with oppression, shall lead the battle van like living heroes, and mingle in the grand anthems which rings to Heaven for the cause of victory. Oh! immortality of love, and gratitude, and remembrance! godlike privilege!—will not the assurance of this bear them up through all, while they toil through sultry days, or sigh through weary nights, where the wild wastes of southern seas stretch around them; or when the more terrible sea of frozen lands surges about the scaffold, in that hour when the life-blood of their brave hearts must be poured forth a sacrificial oblation to the ruined and desecrated shrine of their country's liberty!

When, in all the annals of history or the records of eloquence, may be found a nobler expression of fervent and resistless patriotism than the last vindication of young Meagher? Grand in its simplicity, beautiful in its truth, and solemn in its prophecy, it was more than the last vindication of young Meagher! Grand in its simplicity, beautiful in its truth, and solemn in its prophecy, it was more than a human heart throbs for freedom, or remembers her dedication. How lofty, and how mournfully tender is the conclusion;—his country should lay those words to her heart as her last and sacred things, to be pondered of and treasured forever:—

"My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perchance it may suit my fate; but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost me. I have no regret—nothing that I have ever done—to retract nothing that I have ever said. I am not here to crave, with lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it even here, where I feel the liberties, the rights, I endeavor, have left their foot-prints in the dust—here, in this spot, where the shadow of death surrounds me, and from which I see no escape save in an unauthorized call upon to receive me—even here, cheered by these dear ones, that hope which beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still encircles, animates and consoles me. No! I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I am now for more than bid her hope. To all this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity according to that she is—the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—she has but to stretch forth and this country has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death.

"But the history of Ireland explains my crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal"—(and turning recognizing toward his counsel, Mr. Ferguson)—"we are no criminal"—(and to O'Donohoe)—"you are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment. Judged by history, the treason of which I have been convicted, loses all its guilt, and the sacrifice (my)—will be sanctified as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done all I had to say duty to my dying spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short trial; I felt to be the truth, I set not forward in the country of my birth, my passion and my death—that seeing my whose misfortunes have wrought my profession—whose fastness I sought with still—whose loadstone has been my fatal dream; I refer to that country, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the fondness, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Proscribed, homeless, my life, the sentence which the law directs, and I trust I will be prepared to meet it, and to meet its executors. I trust, too, that I shall be prepared with a pure heart to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal whom a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of infinite justice, will preside; and whom, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

Here dare England even confess such men to death at the time, when the record statement of justice and freedom are marking and overrunning the world:—the day when the winds air is filled with message by it sounds and confirmed voices of warning and dismay!

"Lo, the waking up of nations,
From slavery's dead sleep!
The dreamer of the believers,
Long suffered now they!"

In she not the time pressing on at the quiet flames, rather than on the ruined waters of rebellion! The gallant spirit of old Ireland can no more be chained by fetters, than by a forward glance by English judges, than it can be cheated out of English soil. There is a fearful, sublime element at work in Ireland still—healthy and steadily at work, but within shall yet

Touch and the dungeon, and the scaffold,
Like fires on deep midnight—lighting up.
With lurid glare, oppressor's pallid cheek,
And pointing deadly forth a form fate.
To curse the tyrant in the eyes of men.

Let England beware. Parliaments in an incessant spirit—invasions an eternal truth. The Irish will yet, well in the religious martyr has given a higher beauty, a more solemn grandeur to the cause for which he dies. Eighteen hundred years ago, on Calvary's sacred mount, was taught a sublime lesson of self-sacrifice, which is but repeated whenever and wherever man dies for man.

It is vain to say that the sacrificed life of the patriot is never driven cause. His blood, when they poured upon the battle-field, or sinking into the earth-fall, is not drunk up by the insensible earth and then forgotten; but from every drop may be said in spring an armed defender, or in the harvest-field of the future, it is caught; or is exhaled to Heaven and descends in a dew of terrible vengeance upon the enemies. His dead ashes become the life of nations. His memory fills the spirit of youth with generous aspirations, kindles a quenchless fire in his heart, puts an invincible strength into his arm.—It becomes to the brave almost an object of envy—especially that born to die in the darkness of exile for high hopes and lofty promptings, and in the brightness of life even with grateful joy and pride—it is written on their heavens, at night in stars, at noonday in rainbows.

But, to whom we contemplate the crucified one and the martyred saints of old, we see them with their majestic glories round them, wearing their "crowns of rejoicing," encircled with the halos of divinity, and behold not the wrath of therms, the scourge, the piercing pain, the death, but the life, the blessed, and all the infernal inventions and varieties of torture—so now, as we fix our wrapt gaze on Erin's heroes, we speak of them in words of triumph, for the moral height on which they stand creates a very "moment of transfiguration," and wrapped still in the glory of their agony, they are able to earth, its weakness, time, and transient lamentations. Ah! we see not the mockery and scourging of their degradation, the crucifixion of their manhood, the rashing of the spirit, the light-heart, the honour, the self-reproached-drops slowly burning into the brain, all, all the fearful tortures of mind and body more intensely human—for from their perfect humanity their heroism took its life.

Could we look into the depths of their hearts, and behold how dear to them is the life they are about to resign for the murderer's fate, or the slow death of exile—could we commune with them its early promise, and romance, and ideal beauty, or the grand aspirations and splendid dreams, and manly struggles of its prime—could we know all the hopes, the loves, the endearments "which make the life that life believed," and all the sorrows, buried loves, lost ties, sincere visions shattered in the past, we might measure the height and depth of their sacrifice.

Could we look into the cell of the condemned, in the deep midnight, when the gaze of curiosity and enmity was withdrawn—when the tide of the inward life was unbarred, or bent against the prison-walls with fabled murmurs, they could behold unmoved the mighty spirit of vitality, the unconquerable love of life tugging at the heart-strings of the doomed patriot;—could we witness his vain efforts to crush it down by the power of heroic endurance—could we see the pale, convulsed agonies of the face, the cold sweat oozing from the brow, as the stern conflict goes on; and all would be over him, as he sunk down in the deep sleep of exhaustion, or beat at his heart, gnaw forth the names of his wife and children with his teeth, or a tear like that on our Saviour's Sacrifice's Mother's! Could we look at his pillow, in the dim light of death, a love overcoming all the fears and affections of life, and see the dying man reconvened, with a gaze as burningly intense it might almost pierce the stony rest of his dungeon-walls, and overlook the future with the eye of a prophet, and behold the fate of his country—could we see all this, we might measure the height and depth of their sorrow.

Could we look into the darkened home of those upon the scaffold, or dying upon the field of the gasp-haired sire, bowed towards the earth, and through anguish upon his children and wife—could we mark how, at morning and evening prayer, his lip trembles and his voice falters, as he pours out petitions for his God's reward